

WELLINGTON COLLEGE
CHAPEL HYMNS

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- by the App. of the App.

Miss W. S. Perry.

with best wishes for

many happy returns

from

Charles Hale

Dec. 15. 80

Heroum

Filed. 21 1934



HYMN-BOOK

FOR THE USE OF

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WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
England.

Wellington College:
GEORGE BISHOP.
1880.

N O T E.

Besides the Hymns appointed for special seasons or occasions the following are suitable:—

Morning.—Appendix 25, 26.

Evening.—App. 27, 45, 57. Sunday Evening.—App. 58, 59.

Advent.—Page 146; App. 1, 2, 3, 7, 37, 66, 68.

Epiphany.—App. 4, 5, 6, 67.

Lent.—App. 8, 10, 24, 41, 49, 52, 60, 64.

Palm Sunday.—App. 9.

Easter.—App. 11, 46, 61, 62, 63.

Ascension.—App. 12, 13, 14, 36.

Trinity Sunday.—App. 17.

Saints' Days. All Saints.—App. 12, 18, 19, 20, 44.

Apostles.—App. 56.

St. Andrew.—App. 55.

St. Michael and all Angels.—App. 74.

Holy Communion.—App. 21, 22, 23, 47, 51.

Confirmation.—Pp. 133, 162; App. 71, 72, 73.

Missions.—App. 53.

A Hymn may be used instead of the Introit appointed to be sung before the Communion.

PRAYER BEFORE SERVICE.

Open my lips, O Lord, to bless Thy holy Name. Make my heart clear of all weak, wandering, and alien thoughts, kindle mine affections, enlighten mine understanding, that I may worthily, intently, and devoutly join in this holy office, and my voice be heard before the throne of Thy heavenly Majesty, through Christ our Lord.

To which add in the Morning.—And let the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us, prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy-work.

And in the Evening.—And let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense, and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

PRAYER AFTER SERVICE.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, sanctify and receive my prayers; forgive my failing thought, my faltering voice; help me, for without Thee I cannot please Thee; and strengthen me henceforth daily. Suffer me in no wise to fall away from Thee, by day or night, neither in pain nor mirth. O Jesu, be my Saviour, now and in the hour of death.

To which add in the Morning.—And remember, O Lord, for good my parents, my brethren, my benefactors, and beloved friends; all that are present with me in this house of prayer, and them also that are not cleansed according to the preparation of Thy sanctuary.

And in the Evening.—Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed us O Lord, Thou God of Truth. Save us, Lord, waking, and defend us sleeping, that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace.



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H Y M N S.



SUNDAY.

MORNING.

Morn of morns, and day of days,
Silent as the morning's rays
From the sepulchre's dark prison
Christ the Light of lights hath risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard :
We, O shame, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature 'neath the shadow lies ;
Let the sons of light arise,
All throughout the stillness deep
Holy symphonies to keep.

While the dead world sleeps around
Let the sacred temples sound;
Law and prophet and blest psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And, like streaks of early morn,
New ways mark the newly-born.

Grant us this and with us be,
Sole Fount of all charity,
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By Whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

EVENING.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or in my stead all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

M O N D A Y.

MORNING.

In Summer.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talents with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In all thy converse be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear :
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will,
O may I never more do ill !

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

In Winter.

All praise to Thee Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

How sweet the days, O Lord, are sped,
When brethren, owning Christ their Head,
From Whom they live, on Whom they feed,
Are one in Spirit and in deed.

How sweet to Thee in purest lays
High lauds beneath one roof to raise ;
With banded prayers like valiant men
To storm Heaven-gate, and entrance win.

O love we this fair home, nor cease
To work her weal in busy peace !
“ O woe to him that will not fear
To scatter seeds of discord here ! ”

Yet every loss to gain shall turn
For hearts that Christ in all discern ;
Who fiercer fights is fairer crowned,
And foes deal honour with the wound.

More fell by far the flattering tongue
That saps the breast with secret wrong,
And sliding in unheeded slays
The soul with sweets of poisoned praise.

Grant us to live, blest Trinity,
In sweet exchange of Charity,
And lighten each his brother's load,
Treading the heavenward, homeward road.

Amen.

In Winter.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymn ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous acts be heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand and rule and grow for ever
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

To God the Father lauds unending,
Lauds to the Son and Spirit blest,
Be still from age to age ascending,
And still from world to world address. Amen.

T U E S D A Y.

MORNING.

Lo ! the golden light is peering,
Let the dimness fleet away
Which so long hath kept us veering
From the narrow path astray.

May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
Keep us, morn-like, chaste and pure ;
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,
May preserve our tongue from guile,
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an eye is o'er us
Which our every secret knows,
Sees our every step before us
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds addrest. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

Ere darkling wanes the day,
O all-enlightening Lord,
For pity and for love, we pray,
Be thou our watch and ward.

Unhallowed dreams dispel
Of wandering fancy born,
From ghostly malice shield us well
In stainless sleep till morn.

O Father, hear us pray,
Hear us, O Son and Lord,
Hear, Holy Ghost, who art for aye
With Sire and Son adored. Amen.

In Winter.

Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

Fellow of the Father's light,
Light of Light, and Day most bright,
Christ, Thou stirrer of the heart,
Would we were to life convert.

Reach Thy hand that we may rise,
And our minds so exercise,
That devoutly we may sing
Praise of God with thanksgiving.

Sing His praise, and singing say,
“Blessed be my Lord alway ;”
Say, and saying sing for ever,
“Jesus did my soul deliver.”

Tongue, and heart, and strength, and sense,
Laud they Thy magnificence ;
Let Thy Spirit of Charity
Stir us all to worship Thee.

Glory to the Father be,
To the Son give glory free,
Glory to the Spirit pour
Henceforth and for evermore. Amen.

In Winter.

Night and clouds in darkness sailing,
This world's chaos, wild and drear,—
Light is entering, heaven unveiling,
Christ is coming ;—disappear.

Heaven's dark pall in sunder falleth
By the sun's bright arrow struck ;
Earth her thousand hues recalleth
At his all-enlightening look.

Thee, true Sun, alone adore we,
Thee with pure and single heart,
Thee with plaintive chant implore we,
O'er our souls Thy flame to dart.

Many a spot, our bosoms staining,
Must Thy brightness cleanse away ;
Thou, the Angels' Light unwaning,
Look on us, and make it day.

To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds addrest. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Eternal praise to Each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

In Winter.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
Thou, Lord, hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumph grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O Holy Jesu, be our light.

And grant us, Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O Holy Jesu, be our light.

Thou sweetenest toil, for Thou hast toiled,
Thou lightenest care, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O Holy Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Saviour and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O Gentle Jesu, be our light. Amen.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

In Winter.

Most glorious Lord of Life, That on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin ;
And having harrowed hell didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :

This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom Thou wouldst
die,
Being with Thy dear Blood clean washed from
sin,
May live for ever in felicity. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

God, of all the Strength and Stay,
Who unmoved dost motion sway,
Dost the daylight hours divide,
And in due succession guide ;

Give at eve Thy sunshine bright,
Shed o'er death Thine holy light ;
So our day may ne'er go down,
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious Father, grant this boon ;
Grant it, sole co-equal Son,
With the Spirit, throned on high,
God through all eternity. Amen.

In Winter.

The fiery sun is gone ;
O never-waning Light,
All-holy Three, thrice blessed One,
Shed forth Thy Presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even,
O grant us, hence by Angels borne,
To join the chant of heaven.

To the Great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be addrest. Amen.

FRIDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore ;
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu ! Victim blest !
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine ?

O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
That unto Thee draw near.

Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
Praise to His only Son ;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

In Winter.

Let all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from His Bosom sent His Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

Let not our voices cease
To sing our Saviour's Name ;
Jesu ! our Hope, our Strength, our Peace,
From age to age the same.

From out His piercèd side
Poured forth a double flood ;
By Water we are purified,
Are pardoned by His Blood.

Look up, ye souls, to Him,
Whose death was your desert ;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his piercèd heart !

There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs He lies ;
Fulfil His Father's just decree
And all our wants supplies.

Jesu ! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest !
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

Now the day's declining wheel
Doth to night's dim cavern roll ;
Thus hours, days, and seasons steal,—
Life is hurrying to the goal.

Christ, Who, nailed to Thy Cross,
Callest us to Thee to fly,
Make us count this world but dross,
Be it ours in Thee to die.

To the Father glory be,
With His sole co-equal Son,
In the Spirit's unity,
Ever blessed Three in One. Amen.

In Winter.

O Blessed Saviour, Lord of all,
Vouchsafe to hear us when we call;
And now to those propitious be
Who in prayer do bow to Thee
Still to be kept from misery.

Great Ruler of the day and night,
Thou on our darkness cast Thy light;
And let Thy Passion pardon win
For what we have offended in,
Or thought, or word, or deed of sin.

And, as Thy mercy wipes away
What we have done amiss to-day,
So, now the night returns again,
Our bodies and our souls refrain
From being soiled with sinful stain.

Let not dull sleep oppress our eyes,
Nor us the enemy surprise ;
Nor fearful dreams our minds affright,
While the deep blackness of the night
Withholds from us the cheerful light.

To Thee, Who dost by rest renew
Our wasted strength, we humbly sue,
That, when we shall unclothe our eyes,
All pure and chaste we may arise,
And make our morning sacrifice.

All honour, Lord, to Thee be done,
O Thou, the blessed Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
As in Thine eternal merit
Ever and ever to inherit. Amen.

SATURDAY.

MORNING.

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of Eternal Light,
Who scatterest all the shades of night ;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
Till on our inward hearts shall stream
The Holy Spirit's cloudless beam.

All-hallowed be the new-born day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright !

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
O may we ever clearly see
The way, the truth, the life, in Thee !

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

EVENING.

The splendours of Thy glory, Lord,
Hath no man seen nor known ;
And highest angels veil their eyes
Before Thy shining Throne.

Here we in darkness sit forlorn,
Death's shade upon us lies ;
But night will wane and o'er our heads
The eternal dayspring rise.

So bright a day for us prepared
For us Thou hast in store,
That this all-glorious sun shall fade
Its sevenfold light before.

But ah ! too long thou lingerest,
Thou long-expected day,
And ere we see Thee, we must cast
This mortal coil away.

But when her bonds are rent, my God,
My soul to Thee shall soar,
And see Thy face and praise Thee well,
And love Thee evermore.

Grant us Thy peace, Blest Trinity,
Fair love and saintly might ;
And for this dim and fleeting day
Give us immortal light. Amen.

NOTE.—There are Proper Hymns for the Saturday Evenings before the First Sunday in Advent, Septuagesima Sunday, the Fifth Sunday in Lent, Easter Sunday, Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday, and before the Holy Communion.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

“ When he lighteth the lamps at even he shall burn incense upon it ;
a perpetual incense before the Lord, throughout your generations.”

Now the stars are lit in heaven

We must light our lamps on earth ;
Every star a signal given

From the God of our new birth ;
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way

Sons of Israel, far and near,
Wearied with the world's dim day,
Turn to Him Whose eyes are here.
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light.

Watchers of the sacred flame,

Sons of Aaron, serve in fear ;
Deadly is the Avenger's aim,
Should the unhallowed enter here ;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil,
He who comes in heaven's attire,
Morn by morn with holy oil,
Eve by eve with holy fire,
Pray! your prayer will be allowed
Mingling with His incense cloud.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

OR, "CANDLE-HYMN OF THE ANCIENT CHRISTIANS."

Gladdening Light, all-glorious Fire
Of the everlasting Sire!
Jesu Christ, Thou blessed Son
Of the Heavenly Holy One.

Sinks to rest the sunlight dim,
Shine the lights of eve abroad;
Wherefore Sire and Son we hymn,
And the Holy Ghost of God.

At all seasons, through all time,
Worthy art Thou to be sung,
With the sweet according chime
Of full many a hallowed tongue.

Son of God, who life dost give
Whereby all the world doth live,
Thee the world doth praise and bless,
Glorious in Thy holiness. Amen.

Or this.

O Goodly Light of the Holy Glory
Of the immortal Father of Heaven,
Holy and Blessed,
O Jesu Christ :

We are come to the sunset,
We have seen the evening light,
And we praise the Father and Son
And Holy Spirit of God :

Worthy art Thou at all times
To be praised by pure voices,
Son of God, That givest life :
Therefore the world glorifieth Thee. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

EVENING *before the First Sunday in Advent,
and through the week.*

Great God ! what do I see and hear ?

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before ;—

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding.

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing ;

For they shall rise and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is passed and gone ;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God ! to Thee my prayers I pour,
In sight of judgment quailing ;
Be Thou my strength in that dread hour
When flesh and heart are failing ;
Let perfect love cast out all fear ;
So may I, when the Judge is near,
With joy go forth to meet Him. Amen.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

Hark ! an awful voice is thrilling,
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient temple filling,
“ Christ is near ! ” it seems to say.

Startled at the solemn warning
Let the earth-bound spell arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow
One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the good and gracious Spirit,
While eternal ages run ! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Dies Iræ.

Day of Doom, the last and greatest,
Which the waning world awaitest,
Sung by earliest seers and latest.

How shall all men faint for fearing,
When the Judgment Sign appearing
Bids the world to that great hearing :

When, the grave's long silence breaking,
Peals the trump the nations waking
Round the Throne to muster quaking.

Earth herself and Death affrighted
Open fast their dens benighted,
That the souls may be requited.

Forth are borne the heavy pages
Of the records of all ages,
All men's deeds and all men's wages.

Then the Judge in solemn session
Drags to day each dark confession,
Dooms each vainly veil'd transgression.

Wo is me, for who shall hear me?
What kind saint from Judgment bear me,
While the just stand trembling near me?

Thou, the King of that dread splendour,
Art the sinner's sole Defender:
Save Thou me, Thou King most tender.

Wrought for me and my salvation
Was Thy lowliest incarnation:
Canst Thou speak my condemnation?

Thou hast sought me weary, sighing;
Thou hast bought me by Thy dying;
Save me, on Thy pains relying.

Righteous Judge to save or slay me,
Free of my offences make me
Ere the reck'ning Day o'ertake me.

Sin and shame upon me turning
Brand my brow with guilty burning;
Pity me for pity yearning.

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying Robber shriven,
E'en to me a hope is given.

Judgment halteth not for weeping ;
Yet, Thy death's dear merits reaping,
Save me from the fire unsleeping.

From the goats Thy suppliant sever ;
With Thy sheep my soul deliver,
Safe at Thy right hand for ever.

When Thy face from them is hidden,
When the accurst to flames are chidden,
Let me to Thy house be bidden.

Day of tears and bitter mourning,
When mankind from this world's burning
Rise to sorrow or salvation !

Lord, receive my supplication—
Jesu, Saviour of the world,
Grant us everlasting rest. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, *and through the week.**

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train.

Alleluia !

Christ is come to earth again.

* Week days, st. 1, 4, 5, 6.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must confounded
Hear the summons of that day.
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away !

Blest Redemption long expected !
Lo ! His solemn pomp to share
All His saints by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air,
Alleluia !
Angels, Martyrs, all are there.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make Thy righteous sentence known!
O come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 31.*

EVENING, *and through the week.*

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him break,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the tidings of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy beloved name. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

When Christ the Lord would come on earth
His messenger before him went ;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born ;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy listening Church rejoice.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 31.*

EVENING.

Psalm xlv.

God our Hope and Strength abiding
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh ;
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.
Let them roar, His awful surges ;—
Let them boil,—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges,—
Here is yet one quiet rill ;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still.
Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent ;—
God is there, a strong salvation ;
On her place she towers unbent ;
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent. Amen.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, *and until Christmas Day*, "Hark, the glad sound," p. 35.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on the First Sunday in Advent*, p. 31.

EVENING, "Love Divine, all loves excelling," p. 131.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

EVENING.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around :

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind ;

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease ! ”

Jesu, the Virgin-mother's Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*And until the Epiphany, except when there are
other Proper Hymns.*

MORNING.

From far sunrise at early morn
To earth's remotest ring
Of Mary, Virgin-mother, born,
We carol Christ our King.

Lo the great Maker of the World,
Lord of eternal years,
To save His creatures veiled beneath
A creature's form appears.

A manger scantly strewn with hay
Becomes the Eternal's bed,
And He Who feeds each smallest bird
Himself with milk is fed.

The heavenly hosts His birth-day keep,
The angels round Him sing,
The shepherds view with wonder deep
Earth's Shepherd, Lord, and King.

Jesu, the Virgin-mother's Son,
To Thee all glory be
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Adeste Fideles.

Ye faithful, approach ye
Joyfully triumphing ;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him

Born the King of Angels :
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten not created ;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest :
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father
Late in flesh appearing :
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

EVENING.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd !
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the Angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

Christ by highest Heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings :

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die :
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ! Amen.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

MORNING.

Rightful Prince of Martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow :
Fairer far than fading wreath
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone ;
Nor could stars more brightly shine
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-slain victim free
 To Him, the Victim slain for thee;
 Thou the first thy Lord to own,
 Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
 Through the deep Red Sea of Blood:
 Prince of Martyrs, thee behind
 What a countless army wind!

Thou of Virgin-mother born,
 In this wintry world forlorn,
 Jesu Lord, all praise to Thee:
 All glory be to Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Unto all eternity. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used*, "The Son of God goes forth to war,"
p. 197.

EVENING, "How happy the mortal," *p. 196.*

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

MORNING.

The life which God's Incarnate Word
 Lived here below with men
 Three blest Evangelists record
 With Heaven-inspired pen:

John penetrates on eagle wing
The Father's dread abode ;
And shows the mystery wherein
The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint, upon his Saviour's breast
Invited to recline,
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine :

There too with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

O, dear to Christ! to thee upon
His cross, of all bereft,
Thou Virgin soul, the Virgin Son
His Virgin-mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity. Amen.

EVENING.

An exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space
Thy soul unprison'd soar'd :
There saw in glory Him
Who liveth and was dead ;
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled :
There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime ;—
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
There the new city, bath'd
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw
And gloried in the sight.
Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all ;—O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.
To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity. Amen.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail !
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.
First to die for Christ, sweet lambs
At the very altar ye,
With your fatal crowns and palms,
Sport in your simplicity.
Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used.*

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb !
O Rachel, weep not so :
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.
Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
Has missed its deadliest aim :
The God for Whom they gave their life
For them to suffer came.

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, Whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so !
The bud is cropt by martyrdom ;
The flower in heaven shall blow.

To Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity. Amen.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Hymns as on Christmas Day.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

EVENING BEFORE.

The year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thy infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

By Blood and Water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants may see.

Art thou a child of tears
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete
Through all eternity. Amen.

MORNING.

O happy day, when first was poured
The blood of our atoning Lord !
O happy day, when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man !

Just entered on this world of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow ;
His future death was thus exprest
And thus His early love confessed.

From heaven descending to fulfil
The mandate of His Father's will,
E'en now behold the Victim lie,
The Lamb of God, ere long to die.

Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The innocent, the undefiled :
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
 Our fleshly nature purge away ;
 Thy Name, Thy likeness, may they bear ;
 Yea, stamp Thy holy image there !

The Father's Name we loudly raise ;
 The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
 The Holy Ghost we all adore ;
 One God, both now and evermore. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used, as on Christmas Day, p. 40.*

EVENING, "The year begins with Thee," p. 48.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

All as on the Circumcision.

THE EPIPHANY.

EVENING BEFORE, *and throughout the Week.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

MORNING, *and through the Week.*

Bethlehem! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth ;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See the eastern kings appear ;
See them bend their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh,

Offerings of mystic meaning—
Incense doth the God disclose ;
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth ;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used.*

Psalm xlv.

O Fairest of all men,
Thy speech is pleasant pure,
For God hath blessed Thee with gifts
For ever to endure.

Thy Royal seat, O Lord,
For ever shall remain
Because the sceptre of Thy realm
Doth righteousness maintain.

Because Thou lovest the right
And dost the ill detest,
Therefore hath God anointed Thee
With joy above the rest.

With myrrh and savours sweet
Thy clothes are all bespread;
When Thou dost from Thy palace pass
Therein to make Thee glad.

The daughter of the King
Is glorious to behold;
Within her closet she doth sit
All decked in beaten gold.

O daughter, take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all
And father's house most dear.

Instead of parents left,
O Queen, thy chance so stands,
Thou shalt have sons whom thou may'st set
As princes in all lands.

Wherefore Thy holy Name
All ages shall record ;
The people shall give thanks to Thee
For evermore, O Lord. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING, "Bethlehem, of noblest cities," *p.* 52.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "O Fairest of all men," *p.* 53.

EVENING.

In stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes ;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for Sacrifice.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor :
And He Who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
And He Who set the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

He Whom the choirs of Angels praise,
At Whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys
And lays His glory by.

The Father's Name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise,
Both now and evermore. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

The Name of Jesus.

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

O Jesu! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou sweetness most ineffable!
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire.

May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And seeking Thee itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own. Amen.

EVENING.

O Jesu ! Thou the Beauty art
Of angel worlds above ;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which nought but Thou can fill.

O Jesu, hear the voice, the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night
 And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu ! spotless virgin-flower !
 Our life and joy ! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xlv.

“God our Hope and Strength abiding,” p. 37.

EVENING, “Jesu ! the very thought of Thee,” p. 56.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;
 Praise Him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light !

Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance He has made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail :
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name ! Amen.

EVENING, "Jesu ! the very thought of Thee," p. 56.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm civ.

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name ;
O Lord our great God, how dost Thou appear !
So passing in glory that great is Thy fame ;
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most clear.

With light as a robe Thou hast Thee be-clad,
Whereby all the earth Thy greatness may see,
The heavens in such sort Thou also hast spread
That they to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariots are made Him to bear ;
And there with much swiftness His course doth
endure
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

By angels in heaven of every degree
And saints upon earth all praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest,
As it hath been, now is, and always shall be.
Amen.

EVENING, "Jesu! the very thought of Thee," *p.* 56.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," *p.* 33.

EVENING, "Great God, what do I see and hear," *p.* 29.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Thou, Great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest,
To Angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
With ceaseless woe and endless pain ;
How then can we in exile drear
Raise the glad song of glory here ?

O Thou, Who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.

Then to the sharp and wholesome grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief,
And we too shall be soon possessed
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise to Each be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven. Amen.

MORNING.

There is a book who runs may read
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints like stars around His seat
Perform their courses still

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display :
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joyance, holiest lay,
Alleluia is the glory
Of the choirs in heavenly day,
Which the angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.

Alleluia! Joyous Mother,
Salem, of the saints on high;
Alleluia! one to other
All thy citizens reply;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Join not yet their melody.

Alleluia! we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia! our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er.
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.

But Thy Godhead meekly praising,
Pray we, Blessed Trinity,
We at last may keep our Easter
In Thy home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

EVENING.

The Patriarchs.

O ye who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above;
First children of almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race!

O how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth!
Or tell of all your panting sighs
Which hope uplifted to the skies!

In dreary exile here below
Ye found the world an empty show,
And rested on the promise high
Of blissful homes beyond the sky.

The heart, O God, that loves Thee well
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell:
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Eternal praise to Each be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 65.*

EVENING, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 66.*

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

MORNING, *and on Monday and Tuesday.*

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.

Though I as a Martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
Therefore, Give me Love.

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the Three
And the best is Love.

From the over-shadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 65.*

EVENING, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 66.*

ASH WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

The solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep ;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone
Or outward form of prayer ;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of Thee ;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

O let us then with heartfelt grief
Draw near unto our God
And pray to Him to grant relief
And stay the uplifted rod.

O Righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere
To Thee we humbly pray,
Let fruits of penitence appear
To bless this fasting day. Amen.

SUNDAY AND TUESDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Psalm li.

Have mercy, Lord, on me
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime and see
How great my guilt hath been.

Against Thee, Lord, alone
And only in Thy sight
Have I transgressed, and though condemned
Must own Thy judgments right.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY ON SUNDAY.

O Lord, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done and what we are
Thou knowest very well ;
Therefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have.
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O let Thy mercy come. Amen.

EVENING.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth, and infant years,
By Thy life of want, and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,

By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power,
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany '

By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany! Amen

MONDAY.

MORNING, "Let all our tongues be one," *p.* 20.

EVENING, "Thou, Great Creator, art possessed," *p.* 62.

TUESDAY.

MORNING, "Have mercy, Lord, on me," *p.* 70.

EVENING, "Saviour, when in dust to Thee," *p.* 72.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.
Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and distress,
The heavenly Gift of God most High,
No tongue can it express.
O Holy Ghost into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light ;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal
To serve God day and night.
Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, Lord, Thou knowest us frail,)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh
Against us may prevail.
To God the Father laud and praise,
And to His blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal Three in One ! Amen.

EVENING.

In the hour of trial,
 Jesu, pray for me ;
Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver
 With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise
Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice :
Then upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

THURSDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for man was found
A recreant in the fight ;
And lost his heritage of heaven
And fellowship with light.

Yet to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by angel-visittings,
Man sought at length his God.

And ages opening out divide
The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

And evermore the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth.

To Thee, O Jesu, Prince of Life,
All thanks and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
To all eternity. Amen.

EVENING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !

When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self
And Essence all divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

To Thee, O Jesu, Prince of Life,
All thanks and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
To all eternity. Amen.

FRIDAY.

MORNING, "By the Cross sad vigil keeping," p. 91.

EVENING.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.
See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

SATURDAY.

MORNING AND EVENING, *as Wednesday.*

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(PASSION SUNDAY.)

EVENING BEFORE PASSION SUNDAY, *and* SUNDAY,
WEDNESDAY, *and* FRIDAY EVENINGS, *until Thursday before Easter.*

Vexilla Regis.

The Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flowed and Blood.

Fulfilled is all the mystery told
In dark prophetic songs of old :
Amid the nations God we see
Triumphant reigning from the tree.

Hail, wondrous altar ! Victim hail !
Thy glorious Passion shall avail,
Where Very Life the death endured,
Yet life by that same Death procured.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore ! Amen.

OTHER EVENINGS *after Passion Sunday until
Thursday before Easter.*

Jesu ! who saw'st on one sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take their flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth.

O may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

Jesu ! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control ;
Set on my busy lips Thy seal
Of silence, which can often heal
The sickness of the soul.

Jesu ! Whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears ;
If ever I deny Thy name,
Thy Cross, O send me speedy shame,
O give me bitter tears.

Jesu ! with crown of ruddy thorn
Thy foes Thy tortured brow adorn,
 And scornful hail Thee King ;
May I, O Lord ! with heart sincere,
My humble zeal, my love, my fear,
 And real homage bring.

Jesu ! what direst agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
 With healing virtues rife !
O may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
 The sinner's tree of life. Amen.

MORNING, *until Palm Sunday.*

“Rock of Ages,” p. 291.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
 Tell His triumph far and wide ;
Tell aloud the famous story
 Of His Body crucified ;
How upon the Cross a Victim,
 Vanquishing in death, He died.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
For that this He freely willed ;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted
Where His life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar and spear and reed ;
From that Holy Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet :
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete :
Trinal Unity, Whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(PALM SUNDAY.)

MORNING, and on Monday and Tuesday.

Glory and laud and honour to Thee, Redeemer
King,
To Whom Thy children's voices made sweet
Hosannas ring.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal
Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest, the King and
blessed One.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

The company of Angels are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things created make
reply.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews with palms before Thee
went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee we
present.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion they raised their
hymns of praise,
To Thee in Glory reigning our melody we raise.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises, accept the prayers
we bring,
Who in all good delightest, Thou good and
gracious King.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Receive instead of Palm boughs our victory o'er
the foe,
That in the Conqueror's triumph this strain may
ever flow.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

MORNING, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," p. 291.

EVENING, "The Royal Banners forward go," p. 80.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

MORNING.

The Word of God Who hid in flesh
Still heard in heaven the angels' lays
Had reached through all His life of love
The earthly evening of His days.

Soon with a kiss the traitor friend
Should yield Him to His eager foes;
And He with holy charm would soothe,
Ere came that hour, His brethren's woes.

He blessed the Bread and blessed the Wine,
And gave them all His flesh and Blood ;
The bodies and the souls of men
Sustaining with angelic food.

So was He born their earthly friend,
Feasted with them their feast to be,
So died to ransom them from death,
So lives that they true life may see.

Grant, Lord, to us full sore beset
Refreshment from that sacrifice
Whose virtue unto faithful souls
Rolls back the gates of Paradise.

Hear us, all glorious Trinity,
God undivided, ever blest,
And grant us all eternal life
In mansions of the heavenly rest. Amen.

EVENING.

I. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His flesh the mystery sing ;
Of the Blood all price exceeding
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined for the world's redemption
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as man with man conversing,
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow ;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper
Seated with His chosen band
He the Paschal Victim eating
First fulfils the law's command ;
Then He gives the food celestial
To His own with His own hands.

'Tis His Word to our receiving
Makes the bread His Flesh to be ;
And the wine our sins relieving

Blood that flowed upon the Tree ;
Though not seeing yet believing
Take we the great mystery.
To our bleeding Lord inclining
In adoring awe we bend ;
Ancient forms their place resigning
Unto rites of nobler end ;
Faith the senses dark refining
Mysteries to comprehend.
To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise, and might, and majesty. Amen.

II. THE AGONY.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord,
All darkly on Thy human soul ;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.
Sin and the Father's anger ! They
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;
All save the Love within Thy heart
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

Will it be alway thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee?

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised
And bleeding on the earth He made. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.

O come and let us mourn awhile,
O come we to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no hearts to grieve for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Love of God ! O sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;
 And victory remains with Love,
 For Love Himself is crucified. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.*

Stabat Mater.

1. By the Cross sad vigil keeping
 Stood the mother, doleful, weeping,
 Where her Son extended hung :
 And the piercing sword deep driven
 Hath aghast and sorrow-riven
 All her soul with anguish wrung.
2. O how sad and sore distressed
 Now was she, that mother blessed
 Of the sole-begotten One !
 Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
 Mother meek, the bitter Passion
 Saw she of her glorious Son.

* MORNING of First Friday in Lent, verses 1, 2, 3 ; second, 1, 3, 4 ; third, 1, 5, 7 ; fourth, 1, 7, 8 ; fifth, 1, 7, 8.

3. Who, on Christ's fond mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman would not weep?
Who, upon the grief amazing
Of that Son and Mother gazing,
Would not share the sorrow deep?
4. For the offences of His nation
Christ she saw in tribulation,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent :
Her sweet Son from judgment taken,
Dying, and of all forsaken,
While His spirit forth He sent.
5. With Thy Mother's deep devotion
Make me feel her strong emotion,
Fount of Love, Redeemer kind :
That my heart fresh ardour proving,
Thee, my God and Saviour, loving,
May with Thee acceptance find.
6. Make me weep beside Thee ever,
From Thy cross may nought dissever
Me, so long as I shall live ;
Near it let me stand and sorrow,
Hallowing many a mournful morrow
With the tears that Thou shalt give.

7. There, by Thy blest Mother bending,
Tears with tears so holy blending,
Let me in her anguish share :
Let me every lust denying
Feel within my Saviour's dying,
Of Thy wounds some impress bear.
8. Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
Through Thy Death salvation send me,
Shield me with Thy grace and love !
When death severs flesh and spirit
May my soul through Thee inherit
Thy bright Paradise above ! Amen.

EVENING.

Jesu ! as though Thyself wert here
I draw in trembling sorrow near ;
And, hanging o'er Thy Form divine,
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of Thine.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid,
Bloodstained, distended, cold, and dead,
Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet,
Upon Thy sacred winding-sheet.

Hail, awful Brow ! hail, thorny wreath !
Hail, Countenance now pale in death !
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed
That angels trembled as they gazed.

O by those sacred hands and feet
For me so mangled, I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay. Amen.

SECOND HYMN, "Now the day's declining wheel," p. 21.

EASTER EVEN.

MORNING.

Sabbath of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest ;
Sanctified with thought of Thee
Be the closing week to me.

Resting from His work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word ;

And His wondrous labours done
Now the Everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
Once again from head to feet
Swathed, but in the winding-sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealed stone.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me, Lord, prepare a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
True affection's offering ;

Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep.
Scarce a day perchance doth seem
All their long unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labour past
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new creation done,
The endless rest shall be begun.
Jesu ! keep me safe from sin,
With Thee may I enter in,
And all fear and toil at end
To Thy resting-place ascend ! Amen.

EASTER DAY.

EVENING *before, and until Third Sunday after,*
Easter.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed our robes from stain,
Brought us through the Egyptian main.

Praise we Him Whose love divine
Gives His guests His blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat the manna from above.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,—
Sin alone can this destroy :
From the power of sin set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *and until Ascension Day.*

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.
Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.
Alleluia!

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek.

Alleluia !

The holy women, faithful three,
Soon as the Sabbath set them free,
To embalm their Lord came lovingly.

Alleluia !

An angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
“Your Lord is gone to Galilee.”

Alleluia !

When John the Apostle heard the fame
He to the tomb with Peter came ;
But faster sped and found the same.

Alleluia !

That night the apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear
And said, “Peace be unto all here !”

Alleluia !

But Thomas, who had later heard
That Jesus had fulfilled His word,
Still doubted if it were the Lord.

Alleluia !

“ Thomas behold my side,” said He ;

“ My hands, My feet, My body see,

“ And doubt not, but believe in Me.”

Alleluia !

No longer Thomas then denied ;

He saw the hands, the feet, the side :

“ Thou art my Lord and God,” he cried.

Alleluia !

Blessed are they that have not seen

And yet whose faith hath constant been :

In life eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia !

On this most holy day of days

To God both hearts and voices raise

In honour, blessing, and in praise !

Alleluia !

Whose mercy ever runneth o’er,

Whom men and Angel hosts adore,

To Him be glory evermore.

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia. Amen !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(LOW SUNDAY.)

ALL THE HYMNS *as on Easter Day*, p. 96.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;
With alleluias rang the air ;
Earth held a glorious jubilee ;
Hell wailed aghast in fierce despair.

When He, Whom stone and seal and guard
Had safely to the tomb consigned,
Triumphant rose and buried Death
Deep in the grave He left behind.

"Calm all your grief and still your tears,"
Hark the descending angel cries,
"For Christ is risen from the dead
And Death is slain no more to rise."

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray, so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, be glory given,
With Thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Easter Day*, "Ye sons and daughters of the King," p. 98.

EVENING, *as on Easter Even*, "At the Lamb's high feast we sing," p. 96, *and through the week*.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, *and through the week*.

Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy ;

How Judah's Lion burst His chains
And crush'd the Serpent's head,
To bring with Him from death's domains
The long-imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now
His sceptre ruleth all ;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow
And at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing
His mercy we implore
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead arose,
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete
While age on ages flows. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Easter Day, p. 98.*

EVENING, and through the week.

Jesus lives ! No longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life Immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives ! for us He died :

Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well

Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor Death, nor powers of Hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne,

Over all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

Alleluia ! Amen.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

O Thou, the Heaven's eternal King,
Lord of the starry spheres !
Who with the Father equal art
From everlasting years.

All praise to Thy most Holy Name,
Who, when the world began,
Yoking the souls with clay, didst form
In Thine own Image Man.

And praise to Thee, Who, when the Foe
Had marr'd Thy work sublime,
Clothing Thyself in flesh didst mould
Our race a second time ;

When from the tomb new-born as from
A Virgin born before
Thou didst renew our fallen state
And life to man restore.

Eternal Shepherd, Who Thy flock
In Thy pure fount dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave ;

Jesu, Who to the Cross wast nailed
Our countless debt to pay ;
Jesu, Who lavishly didst pour
Thy Blood for us away.

O Jesu, from the death of sin
Keep us ; and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of souls new born in Thee.

Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead arose,
With Thee, O Blessed Paraclete,
While age on ages flows. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Easter Day, p. 98.*

EVENING.

As even the lifeless stone was dear
For thoughts of Him who late lay there,
So the base world, now Christ has died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

'Tis now a place where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
"Come, see the place where Jesus lay."

'Tis now a fane where love can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet
Where'er she sets her duteous feet. Amen.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(ROGATION SUNDAY.)

MORNING, *until Ascension Day*, "O throned, O crowned," p. 201.ALL THE OTHER HYMNS, *as on Easter Day*, p. 93.

ASCENSION DAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia !

Glorious to His native skies, Alleluia !

Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia !

Enters now the highest Heaven, Alleluia !

Thee the glorious triumph waits, Alleluia !

Lift your heads, eternal gates ! Alleluia !

Christ has vanquished death and sin, Alleluia !

Take the King of glory in. Alleluia !

Lo ! the Heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia !

Yet He loves the earth He leaves ; Alleluia !

Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia !

Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes, Alleluia !

His prevailing Death He pleads, Alleluia !

Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia !

Harbinger of human race. Alleluia !

O though parted from our sight, Alleluia !
Far above the azure height, Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia !
Seeking Thee above the skies, Alleluia ! Amen.

MORNING, *until Whitsunday*.*

1. O King eternal, King most high,
Who for lost man didst freely die,
Thy warfare with the grave is done,
Thy last and greatest glory won.
2. Ascending by the starry road
This day Thou wentest home to God ;
Henceforth upon the throne divine
The powers of heaven and earth are Thine.
3. The triple frame of earth and heaven
And things beneath to Thee is given,
And every tongue confesseth Thee,
And at Thy Name bows every knee.
4. And angels tremble while they scan
The changed estate of fallen man,
For Flesh removes his fleshly stains,
And Flesh assumed to Godhead reigns.

* Weekdays, verses 1, 2, 4, 5, 8.

5. Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,
Be Thou in heaven our great reward ;
Earth's joys to Thee are nothing worth,
The Joy and Crown of heaven and earth.
6. We pray Thee to unloose the chain,
That binds us to a world of pain,
And draw our hearts by cords of grace
To Thy celestial dwelling place.
7. So at Thy last most dread return
When skies in wrathful glory burn,
Our sins wiped out for evermore
Thou shalt our forfeit crowns restore.
8. All glory, Christ, to Thee be given
Ascending o'er the stars of heaven :
All glory ever as is meet
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

EVENING, "Hail the day," p. 107.

FOLLOWING EVENINGS, *until Whitsun Eve.*

The High-priest once a year
Went in the Holy Place
With garments white and clear,
It was the Day of Grace.

Without the people stood
While unseen and alone
With incense and with blood
He did for them atone.

So we without abide
A few short passing years,
While Christ Who for us died
Before our God appears.

Before His Father there
His Sacrifice He pleads,
And with unceasing prayer
For us He intercedes.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

MORNING, "O King Eternal, King most high," p. 108.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Where high the Heavenly Temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He Who for men their Surety stood
And poured on earth His precious blood
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathises with our grief
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
Our woes and weakness Who hath known,
Let equal praise to Spirit blest
By men and angels be addressed. Amen.

EVENING, "The High-priest once a year," p. 109.

WHITSUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Ruler of the hosts of light,
Death had yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road
Which will lead us back to God.

From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy Father's home of love,
Guard us still with watchful eye
Through this vale of misery.

Seated on that glorious throne
Which Thy mortal travail won,
Now fulfil Thy promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son Who reigns on high
With the Father in the sky,
And the Holy Ghost adore,
One true God for evermore. Amen.

MORNING, *until Trinity Sunday.*

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide no ill can come,
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and distress,
The heavenly Gift of God most High,
No tongue can it express.

The Fountain and the living Spring
Of joy celestial,
The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,
The Unction spiritual.

Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand,
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The Finger of God's hand.

According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through Thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light ;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal
To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
 (For, Lord, Thou knowest us frail,)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh
 Against us may prevail.

Such measures of Thy powerful grace
 Grant, Lord, to us we pray,
That Thou mayest be our Comforter
 At the last dreadful day.

Grant us the grace that we may know
 The Father of all might;
That we of His beloved Son
 May gain the blissful sight;

And that we may with perfect faith
 Ever acknowledge Thee,
The Spirit of Father and of Son,
 One God in Persons Three.

To God the Father laud and praise,
 And to His blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
 Co-equal Three in One! Amen.

EVENING, and till Trinity Eve.

When God of old came down from heaven
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth
Winged with the sinner's doom,
But these like tongues o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud ;

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad
A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the church of God ; It fills
The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Power
Open our ears to hear :
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE, "The fiery sun is gone," p. 18.

MORNING, *and Monday and Tuesday morning.*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth
and sky and sea.

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity ! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
Since Thou art ours and we are Thine,
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the Grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee keep us at Thy side
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide! Amen.

EVENING, "The fiery sun is gone," p. 18.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm i.

Blest is the man who walks with God
Of worldly counsels ware,
Stands not in sinner's devious road
Nor sits in scorner's chair.
But in the Lord's own word and way
Is ever his delight;
The cloud that guides him day by day,
The pillared fire by night.
His works shall prosper like the tree
By living waters fed;
Which bears aloft unfadingly
Its fair and fruitful head.
No state like this the ungodly know,
Their joy may never last;
Like to the chaff which to and fro
Is scattered by the blast.

So in the awful day of doom
The godless shall not stand ;
Nor wicked men with saints find room
Secure at God's right hand.
The sinner's way must end in wrath ;
But God hath seen and known
In life and death His people's path,
And He will save His own.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One mighty God of Heaven,
All glory by the angel host
And saints on earth be given. Amen.

EVENING.

" We love Him because He first loved us."—*Ep.*

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.
Thou, O my Jesu, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself, and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning Heaven
Or of escaping Hell :

Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love Thee and will love
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm viii.

O Thou to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
How glorious is Thy Name !

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung
Nor fully reckoned there ;
And yet Thou makest the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through Thee the weak confound the strong
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so Thou quellest the wicked throng
That Thee and Thine oppose.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
How glorious is Thy name !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One mighty God of Heaven,
All glory by the angel host
And saints on earth be given. Amen.

EVENING.

“ Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.”—*Ep.*

O Thou Who on Thy sainted choir
Didst light in cloven tongues of fire,
Spirit of power, on us come down
With light and life our heads to crown.

Come like a dove upon its nest,
O'er this Thy gathered household rest,
Till each one's inmost soul be stirred
With Thy still voice, Thy mighty word.

So shall this roof Thy praise prolong,
Nor ever from our lips the song
Of "Peace on earth to men of peace"
And "Glory to our God" shall cease.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal praise to Each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxxiv.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shewest
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell
And there Thy praise display.

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

They shall proceed from strength to strength
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

Glory to God for ever be
From angels and from men,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For evermore, Amen.

EVENING.

“Let us not love in word.”—*Ep.*

“Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,” *p.* 67.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xviii.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity :

My God, my rock in Whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

Full sore beset with pain and grief
I prayed to God for Grace,
And He forthwith did hear my voice
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky :

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Now blessed be the living Lord,
Most worthy of all praise,
That is my rock and saving health,
Blessed be He always. Amen.

EVENING.

“Thou being our Ruler and Guide.”—*Coll.*

O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
O burst these bands and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way,
No foes nor violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou my God art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee,
O let Thy hand support me still
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and stormy be the way
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace. Amen.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxxvi.

Lord, be my Judge, for I have trod
Mine own true simple way ;
Have cast my care upon my God,
With Him unswerving stay.

My foot is firm, Almighty, prove
And search me : try with fire
My reins and heart ; I watch Thy love
With eye of deep desire.

I watch Thy love and walk Thy way,
Thy way so clear and bright,
Nor with the false sit down nor stray
With haters of the light.

Around Thine Altar, Lord, to go
With tones that rise and fall
In full melodious praise, and shew
Thy wonders each and all,

The house and home Thou countest Thine,
The tent where Thou dost dwell
And spread Thy glory for a shrine,
I love it, Lord, full well.

Redeem me, love me, Lord—'tis done ;
I stand in even ways,
High in Thy courts my place is won,
I sing Jehovah's praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
By saints in earth and heaven
All glory while all ages roll
In sweetest strains be given. Amen.

EVENING.

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.

“Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield ;
but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts.”—*Less.*

A Tower of Strength our God doth stand,
A shield and sure defender :
True help from all our woes His hand
Through life doth freely render.
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell,
With might and craft he's armed full well,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we o'erridden;
But for us fights the goodly MAN
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye His name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

Our foes must let the Word stand sure;
No thanks for this they're reaping;
God Spirit in His way secure,
God's grace our souls is keeping;
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss;
Let be! they win no gain from this,
God's kingdom still is left us. Amen.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxiii.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need ;
In pastures fair by waters calm
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness
For His most Holy Name.

Yea though I walk in the vale of death
Yet will I fear none ill ;
Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me
And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shown to me
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“For them that love Thee such good things as pass man’s understanding.”—*Coll.*

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return and never
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee ;

Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xlii.

“If I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way.”—*Gosp.*

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Father of mercies hear my cry,
Hear me Co-equal Son,
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run. Amen.

EVENING.

“Lord of all power and might.”—*Coll.*

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon shall wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward then in battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe
Onward, Christians, onward go.

Honour, glory, love and praise,
Be through never-ending days
'To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxxiv.

“Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear.”—*Ep.*

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

THE HOSTS OF GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth
And from the Angel-host. Amen.

EVENING.

“ Whose never-failing providence ordereth all things.”—*Coll.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain. Amen.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lv.

My heart doth faint, for want of breath
It panteth in my breast ;
The terrors and the dread of death
They work me sore unrest.

All night I cry "Who will give me

"The swift and pleasant wings

"Of some fair dove that I may flee

"And rest me from these things.

"Lo then would I go far away,

"To fly I would not cease ;

"And I would hide myself and stay

"In some great wilderness."

Cast thou thy grief upon the Lord

And He shall nourish thee ;

For He will in no wise accord

The just in thrall to see.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The God Whom we adore,

Be glory as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

"They did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink ; for they drank of that spiritual Rock."—*Ep.*

Guide us O Thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrims through this barren land ;

We are weak but Thou art mighty,

Hold us with Thy powerful hand ;

Bread of Heaven,

Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Guide us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

Praise the Father, God of heaven,
Him who reigns supreme on high,
Praise the Son for sinners given
Here to suffer and to die,
Praise the Spirit
Guiding us so lovingly. Amen.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxiii.

O God Thou art my God alone ;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
Thee in the watches of the night
Will I remember on my bed ;
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above
Or what on earth compared to thee ?
Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercies I will give :
My soul in Thee shall aye rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“ Make them to ask such things as shall please Thee.”—*Coll.*

O Thou who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our designs control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to Thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

Yet may we feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxvii.

Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace
And hear Thee inly speak.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“Partakers of Thy heavenly treasure.”—*Coll.*

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The Life that knows no ending,
The tearless Life, is there :

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the Blest !

There God our King and Portion
In fulness of His Grace
Shall we behold for ever
And worship face to face.

There all the halls of Sion
Shall be for aye complete,
And in the Land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.

Jerusalem the glorious,
The glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away! Amen.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxviii.

O Lord upon Thine heritage
Send down a gracious rain,
And if it faint with dews refresh
The thirsty land again.
There dwells Thy chosen flock for whom
Thou hast prepared a place,
Which for the poor Thou didst provide
Of Thine especial grace.

God gave the word, His voice was heard
By nations far abroad,
For mighty were the men that preached
The Gospel of our God.

Kings heard and quaked ; then rose the Church
Fresh from her martyrs' fires ;
Her nursing mothers Queens became
And Kings her nursing sires.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee
Be honour, glory, virtue, power,
Through all eternity. Amen.

EVENING.

“How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?”—*Ep.*

O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxii.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
 He on His throne shall rest
 From age to age more glorious
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever,
 His great best Name of Love. Amen.

EVENING.

"Many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that ye see."—*Gosp.*

"Praise to the Holiest in the height," *p.* 77.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxxiv.

Lord to me Thy minsters are
 Courts of honour passing fair ;
 And my spirit deems it well
 There to be and there to dwell :
 Heart and flesh would fain be there
 Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share.

There the sparrow speeds her home
 And in time the turtles come,
 Safe their nestling young they rear,
 Lord of Hosts, Thine altars near :
 Dear to them Thy peace, but more
 To the hearts that there adore.

Yea all blessed are his days
 In whose heart are all Thy ways,
 Who doth drink of many a spring
 Through the Sad Vale journeying ;
 Faring on from keep to keep
 Till he stands on Sion's steep.

There one day is better far
 Than elsewhere a thousand are ;
 Give me in God's court to stand
 With His wicket in my hand,
 And who will for me may bide
 In the curtained bowers of pride. Amen.

EVENING.

"The Fruit of the Spirit."—*Ep.*

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," *p.* 113.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xc.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast
 And our eternal home :

Before the hills in order stood
 Or earth received its frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last
And our eternal home. Amen.

EVENING.

“The Marks of the Lord Jesus.”—*Ep.*

“When I survey the wondrous Cross,” *p.* 79.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xci.

Call Jehovah thy salvation ;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,

From the noisome pestilence

In the depth of midnight blasting,

God will be thy sure defence ;

Fear not then the deadly quiver

Though a thousand feel the blow ;

Mercy shall thy soul deliver

Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection

On God's laws be set thy love,

With the wings of His protection

He will shield thee from above ;

Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee ;

He will hearken, He will save ;

Here with special favour bless thee,

Give thee life beyond the grave. Amen.

EVENING.

“ Rooted and grounded in love.”—*Ep.*

Jesu, lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly ;

While the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let us take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xciii.

God the Lord a King remaineth
 Robed in His own glorious Light ;
 God hath robed Him and He reigneth,
 He hath girded Him with might.
 Alleluia !
 God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
 Earth is poised to swerve no more ;
 Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
 From all time where thought can soar.
 Alleluia !
 Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore.
 Alleluia !
 For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep :
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God Who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Alleluia !
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity :
 Of Thine high eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Alleluia !
 Pure is all that lives with Thee. Amen.

EVENING.

“ One Body and one Spirit, one Hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all.”—*Ep.*

Thousands within Thy courts have met,
 Thousands this day before Thee bowed,
 Their faces Sionward were set,
 Their lips Thy saving Name avowed.

People of every tribe and tongue,
 Of different churches, climates, lands,
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy praise have sung,
 And offered prayer with holy hands.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath failed this day Thine ear to gain;
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
 Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
 Thy poor have all been freely fed,
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
 The mourners have been comforted,
 The pure in heart have seen their God.
 Yet one prayer more: and be it one
 In which both heaven and earth accord;
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son;
 Let all who breathe call Jesus Lord.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel-host
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm c.

All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood
 And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“ With pure hearts and minds to follow Thee.”—*Coll.*

O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free :
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely spilt for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect and right and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !

My heart Thou knowest can never rest
 Till Thou create my peace ;
 Till of my Eden repossest
 From every sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips on me
 Bestow that peace unknown ;
 The hidden Manna, and the Tree
 Of life, and the White Stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
 Thy new best Name of Love. Amen.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY. *Psalm civ.* "My soul, praise the Lord," *p.* 60.

EVENING.

"Renewed in the spirit of your minds."—*Ep.*

Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in Thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy power and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had failed,
If not renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
 To Thee for help we call;
 Our Life, and Resurrection Thou,
 Our Hope, our Joy, our All. Amen.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cx.

Spake the glorious Lord in heaven,
 "Lord, be Thine this royal seat,
 "Till their armies thunder-riven
 "Bow the neck beneath Thy feet."

Lo Thy standards proudly going!
 Forth they fare the word to win.
 Reign and prosper, overthrowing
 All the lords of death and sin!

King! the day is Thine: They own Thee
 Prince o'er all the hearts of men;
 Girt with holy splendours crown Thee,
 Bring Thee all Thine own again.

God with man, an Infant tender
 Of a stainless maiden born;
 Elder than the day-star's splendour,
 Purer than the pearls of morn;

By the eternal oath appointed
 Of the mystic order blest,
 Thou art vested, throned, anointed,
 Evermore a Kingly Priest.

When the doom of sin is sealed
 And the trump of Judgment rings,
 Darkly at Thy side revealed
 God shall bruise the godless kings.

Thou shalt judge among the heathen,
 Thou shalt fill the world with dread;
 Never shall Thy sword be sheathen
 Till it smite the Apostate's head.

But Thy spell of endless glory
 Is to suffer and to die;
 Kedron with its bitter story
 And the Vale of Agony.

Honour, blessing, virtue, merit
 To the Father and the Son
 And the good and gracious Spirit
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

EVENING.

“Ready both in body and soul.”—*Coll.*

Father, whate’er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart
 And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine
 And crown my journey’s end. Amen.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxvii.

From all who dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator’s praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer’s Name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

EVENING.

“ Put on the whole armour of God.”—*Ep.*

Soldiers of Christ, arise
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endowed :
 But take to arm you in the fight
 The panoply of God.

That having all things done
And all your conflicts past
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand complete at last.

Now praise and majesty
To Father, and to Son
With the All-Holy Spirit be
While endless ages run. Amen.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxi.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him Who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope
And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
 He is my sun and shade :
 The cold by night, the heat by day,
 Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me safe from every ill,
 Doth all my foes control ;
 He is a shield and shelter still
 Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd
 Or else within my door,
 He is my pillar and my cloud
 Now and for evermore.

Now glory to the Father be
 From angels and from men.
 Glory to Son and Holy Ghost,
 For evermore. Amen. Amen.

EVENING.

“Thy household the Church.”—*Coll.*

“Lord to me Thy minsters are,” *p.* 148.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxii.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the Temple haste
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's court we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou Holy City of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

"That those things which we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Coll.*

"Where high the heavenly Temple stands," *p.* 110.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxxiii.

How good and how beseeching well
It is that we
Who brethren be
As brethren should in concord dwell.

Like that dear oil that Aaron bears
Which, falling down
To foot from crown,
Embalms the beard and robe he wears.

Or like the tears the morn doth shed,
Which lie on ground
Empearled around
On Sion or on Hermon's head.

For joined therewith the Lord doth give
Such grace, such bliss,
That where it is
Men may for ever blessed live. Amen.

EVENING.

"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—*Ep.*

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Sion, City of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love
 Well supply thy sons and daughters
 And all fear of want remove.
 Blest are all in thee abiding,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood :
 He within their hearts residing
 Makes them kings and priests to God

Saviour, if of Sion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name.

168 TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, " All people that on earth do dwell," *p.* 155.

EVENING.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
Thou everlasting Lord ;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be ;
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

O may I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as Thou art ;
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee ;
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
 With me Thy sinful child.

O then, this worse than worthless heart
 In pity deign to take,
 And make me love Thee for Thyself ;
 And for Thy glory's sake. Amen.

*If there are any more Sundays before Advent Sunday, the
 Hymns of those Sundays after Epiphany, of which the
 Service is used, may be taken.*

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

EVENINGS, "Fear no more for the torturer's hand," *p.* 199

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

EVENING BEFORE, "Creator, Saviour, Strengthening Guide," *p.* 118.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

EVENINGS.

Why, Saviour, dost Thou come
Descending from the sky?
Canst Thou have left Thy heavenly home
Again for man to die?

Or see we drawing near
The dreadful day of doom,
When Thou the Avenger shall appear
The guilty to consume?

On milder vengeance bent
Thou camest from above,
To bid the hardened heart relent
And slaughter change to love.

The spoiler fallen lies
Before Thy glorious ray,
A shepherd of the flock to rise,
The flock he sought to slay.
From all the Heavenly host
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

PURIFICATION.

EVENINGS.

O Sion ! open wide thy gates ;
Let figures disappear ;
A Priest and Victim both in One
The Truth Himself is here.
No more the simple flock shall bleed :
Behold the Father's Son
Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.
Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired ;
And hails with Anna Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word ;
And pondering all things in her heart
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise to the Spirit be ;
Praise to the Blessed Three in One
Through all eternity ! Amen.

MORNING.

Sweet incense breathes around
The coming Lord to greet ;
And Sion through her sacred bound
Awakes her God to meet.
Arise ye then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar fires.

Let faith with glistening eye
Trim up her torch so bright
And flame-encircled charity
Breathe out her glowing light ;
And white-robed innocence be there
To pour its sweetest incense prayer.

Why love to linger here—
These guilty days prolong ?
More blessed far yon dying seer,
Be ours his parting song ;
And He Whom here by faith we see
Shall our eternal portion be.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
To the eternal Three in One,
To all eternity !
Blest Trinity, to Thee we raise
Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.

Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "O Sion ! open wide thy gates," p. 171.

ST. MATTHIAS' DAY.

ALL THE HYMNS *as p. 192.*

ANNUNCIATION.

EVENING BEFORE.

Hush'd the storms that lately raved ;
O'er the earth no armed war ;
Full upon the House of David
Shines the Bright and Morning Star.

List ! the Angel greets the Maiden,
" Christ is born if thou believe,
" Solace of the sorrow-laden,
" Ransom of the sin of Eve."

Lowly in her lowly dwelling
With a holy virgin fear,
To the glorious Angel telling
God's high grace, she bowed her ear.

So the Spirit came upon her ;
Moved as o'er the ancient deep ;
Gave her—O the unearthly honour !
God for her own Son to keep.

Purer than the dew of morning
So He slid into our race,
Shamed humanity adorning
For a more than Angel place.

Jesu Maker ! Jesu Brother !

Lift me, gently leading on
From the bosom of Thy Mother
To Thy Cross and then Thy Throne. Amen.

MORNING.

Virgin-born we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;
Mary mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee.
Blessed was the hand that led 'Thee,
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she by all creation
Who brought forth the world's salvation,
And blessed they for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee,
Mary mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

BEFORE THE LITANY, " O fairest of all men," *p.* 53.

EVENING, " Hush'd the storms that lately raved," *p.* 174.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

MORNING.

Now daily shines the sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time
When Christ on His Apostles shone
In radiant light sublime.

They in His body see His wounds
Like stars divinely glow ;
Then forth as His true witnesses
Throughout the world they go.

O Christ ! Thou King most merciful !
Our inmost hearts possess ;
So may we with due songs of praise
Thy name for ever bless.

O Jesu ! from the death of sin,
Keep us, and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of souls new-born in Thee.

Praise to the Father and the Son
Who from the dead arose ;
With Thee, O Blessed Paraclete,
While age on ages flows ! Amen.

EVENINGS, " From hidden source arising," p. 195.

BEFORE THE LITANY, " Christ's everlasting messengers," p. 194.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

EVENING.

As mourns a widowed bride,
The Apostles sore were weeping
For the dear Lord who died
And in the rock lay sleeping.
Meantime the angelic word
Hath soothed the women's sadness,
Soon shall ye see your Lord,
The New-risen Sun of Gladness.
Swift as they sped to tell
The saints, His word receiving,
They met, they knew Him well
And kissed His feet believing.
Home then the saintly quire
To Galilee returning
Behold their hearts' desire,
And praise with speechless yearning.
So, Lord, through love and faith
Be Thou our spirits sealing;
Still shew Thee strong in death,
Thyself on high revealing. Amen.

MORNING, "Now daily shines the sun more fair," p. 176.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The Son of God goes forth to war," p. 197.

ST. BARNABAS.

EVENINGS.

When the new-born saints assembling
Daily, 'neath the shower of fire,
To their Lord in hope and trembling
Brought the choice of earth's desire.

Son of holiest consolation,
Thou didst turn thy land to gold
And thy gold to strong salvation,
Leaving all by Christ to hold.

Type of Priest and Monarch casting
All their crowns before the throne,
And the treasure everlasting ·
Heaping in the world unknown.

Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold ;
Lo He comes thy pomp abating
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold :

Cold and bare He comes who never
May put off His robe of light ;
Homeless who must dwell for ever
In the Father's bosom bright.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep,
So to win o'erflowing measure,
So to climb where skies are steep.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

EVENING BEFORE.

Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes
In sternest wisdom strong :
The Voice that cries
Of Christ from high
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
Within Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hand
And He will purge His floor :
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows ;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads,
Make His way plain
Your King before :
For evermore
He comes to reign.

Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath
And deathless doom.

O God, with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

MORNING.

In caves of the lone wilderness thy youth
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,
And guarding the pure treasure of thy soul
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse ; the rock a bed supplied ;
The stream thy thirst, locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied.

Oh, blest beyond the prophets of old time !
They of the Saviour sang that was to be :
Him present to announce and shew to all
Was granted but to thee.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John ; to whom was given
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize
And ope the door of Heaven.

Immortal glory to the Father be
With His Almighty Sole-begotten Son
And Thee, Co-equal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run ! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Lo ! from the desert homes," *p.* 179.

EVENING, "When Christ the Lord would come on earth," *p.* 36.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

O Rock of Ages, One Foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise,—Thy name be blest!

Son of the living God, O call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true Disciples still to be.

When fears appal and faith is failing
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
“Why doubt?”—and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

And if our coward hearts deny Thee
In inmost thought, in deed or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

O strengthen Thou our weak endeavour
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever
And find Thee with us to the end. Amen.

MORNING, “How happy the mortal,” *p.* 196.

OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

EVENINGS.

Two brothers freely cast their lot

With David's royal Son ;

The cost of conquest counting not

They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart they hope to gain

An undivided joy ;

That man may one with man remain

As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall

First prey of Satan's rage ;

John lingers out his fellows all

And dies in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above

Before the Conqueror's throne ;

Thus God grants prayer, but in His love

Makes times and ways His own.

Now honour, might, and sovranty,

From saints in earth and heaven

To Father, Son, and Spirit be

To endless ages given. Amen.

MORNING, "How happy the mortal," *p.* 196.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Disposer Supreme," *p.* 193.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

EVENING BEFORE, "Fear no more," *p.* 199.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 192.

ST. MATTHEW.

EVENINGS, "From hidden source arising," *p.* 195.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The Lord's eternal gifts," *p.* 192.

MORNING, "Christ's everlasting messengers," *p.* 194.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

EVENING BEFORE.

Christ in highest heaven enthroned,
Equal of the Father's Might,
By pure spirits trembling owned
God of God and Light of Light,
Thee 'mid Angel hosts we sing,
Thee their Maker and their King!

All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy throne
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,
Thy behests to carry down:
To and fro 'twixt earth and heaven
Speed they each on errands given.

First of all those legions glorious
Michael waves his sword of flame,
Who of old in war victorious
Did the Dragon's fierceness tame;
Who with might invincible
Thrust the rebel down to hell.
“Who like God?” the Archangel shouted,
This the word that pealed on high
When the Apostate armies routed
Fell tumultuous from the sky;
God by Whom the fight was won
Gave the triumph and the crown.
To the Father praise be given
By the unfallen angel-host
Who in His great war have striven
With the legions of the lost,
Equal praise in highest Heaven
To the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

EVENING.

Thine angels, Christ, we laud in solemn lays
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who mid Thy glory's blaze
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

EVENING BEFORE, "The Son of God goes forth to war," *p.* 197.

MORNING, "The Lord's eternal gifts," *p.* 192.

EVENING, "Disposer Supreme," *p.* 193.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

EVENINGS.

Spouse of Christ! in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Mix with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
All her saints in one to join,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in melody divine.

Mary leads the sacred story,
Mary with her Heavenly Child,
Mother of the King of Glory,
Maid and Mother undefiled.

Angels in the due gradation
Of their ninefold ministry
Hymn the Father of Creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
More than prophet owned to be,
Patriarchs and Seers in chorus
Swell the Angelic harmony.

Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving
Rest in joy for evermore.

Confessors and Gospel-preachers,
Priests and Levites numberless,
Prelates meek and holy Teachers
Bear the palm of righteousness.

Virgin souls, by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the marriage feast appear.

All are blest together, praising
God's eternal Majesty,
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the All-holy Trinity.

So may we with hearts devoted
 Serve our God in holiness !
 So may we by God promoted
 Share that Heaven which they possess !
Amen.

MORNING.

O heavenly Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in Thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
Where Saints for ever sing ;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King,

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb the Light that shineth
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God for ever
Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm hope from thence is leaning,
To her our longings bend ;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below ;
To Father and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if required, and evening of
two next days.*

If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the Blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through suffering have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone ;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known,
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the throne.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see ;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be ;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ;
Such untold reward through suffering
It is given thee to attain ;
And for ever in His Glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father ;
Laud and honour to the Son ;
Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
Ever Three and ever One ;
Con-substantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

THE APOSTLES.

MORNING.

The Lord's eternal gifts,
The Apostles mighty praise
Their victories and high reward
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the Churches they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the Heavenly Court,
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saint's high Faith,
And quenchless Hope's pure glow,
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
In them the Son o'ercame ;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought
And filled their hearts with flame
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
Through all eternity ! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The Son of God goes forth to war, p. 197,
omitting the second verse.

EVENINGS.

Disposer Supreme and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine the weak and the poor
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light;
They at Thy decree are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth the Arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking the lightnings
have shone.

Like clouds they are borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go,
All full of Thy Godhead, while earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.

They thunder—their sound it is Christ the Lord;
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy
word

And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's
wall,

O loud be Thy trump, and stirring the sound
To rouse us, O Lord, from sin's deadly sleep;
May lights which Thou kindlest in darkness around
The dull soul awaken her vigils to keep.

All glory to Thee Who art hid from sight
Yet fillest with love the vast infinite,
And for us revealed as One and yet Three
Dost call us from darkness Thy glory to see.
Amen.

THE EVANGELISTS.

MORNING.

Christ's everlasting messengers,
Who from the opening skies
Traverse the earth in showers of light
And sow with mysteries;
The things discerned by seers of old
Behind the shadowy screen
In noon-day clear have ye beheld
With not a veil between.
The things which God as man hath borne,
Which man as God hath done,
Ye write, as God inspires, to all
Who see the circling sun.
Though far in space and time apart
One Spirit sways you all;
And we in those blest characters
Hear now that living call.

Glory to God, the Three in One !
All glory be to Thee,
Who from our darkness callest us
Thy wondrous light to see. Amen.

EVENING.

From hidden source arising
A mighty river ran
Through Eden's pleasant garden
Where God created man.
Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it rolled
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.
And so from highest heaven
The Lord, the Holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of Jesu's love ;
The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood divine
Makes glad the Lord's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.
Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one ;
In fourfold wise they praise Him,
The sole-Begotten Son.

For this Thy fourfold Gospel
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
In it Thyself revealing,
Eternal Trinity! Amen.

THE MARTYRS.

MORNING.

How happy the mortal
Through pains and dismay
Who hath burst the portal
To regions of day.

Our weak spirits languish
At the sound of death's feet,
But Thou the stern anguish
Dost go forth to meet.

Yet nothing confounded
With rack and with chains,
Where death hath abounded
With tortures and pains.

Lo! from highest heaven,
His champion to own,
Between the clouds riven
Is Christ looking down.

His hand hath He holden
Where weak nature fails;
His spirit doth embolden
And in him prevails.

Shall we then soft-hearted
Seek ease and repose,
And sing the departed
In death and stern woes?

Let such themes of wonder
Arouse us from sleep,
Lest woke by death's thunder
We wake but to weep.

Great Father, Son, Spirit,
The Ancient of days,
May we Thee inherit
And sing of Thy praise. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if required.*

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed :

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain,
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

EVENING.

Fear no more for the torturer's hand
Nor the dungeon dark that bound thee;
The choirs of heaven about thee stand,
Bright shining homes surround thee.

Fear no more for the clanking chain,
Thou art free as light of Heaven;
The stripes that marked thy frame with pain
For rays of thy crown are given.

Fear no more for stern cold nor need
Nor for nakedness for ever;
Christ's pure light doth clothe thee and feed
And shall no more from thee sever.

Lo, He stands at His martyr's side,
Death with nobler life surrounding,
And takes him with Him to abide,
The dread tyrant's wrath confounding.

To God on high be honour done
In the height all height exceeding ;
To Father, Son, and Holy One
From Father and Son proceeding. Amen.

EMBER DAYS AND ORDINATION.

I.

“Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,” *p.* 113.

II.

“Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,” *p.* 113.

III.

“When Christ the Lord would come on earth,” *p.* 36.

IV.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled people bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people in their heart
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;

To watch and pray and never faint ;
 By day and night their guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, form the saint,
 To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
 May they in hope their charge resign ;
 So, when their Master shall appear,
 May they with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

ROGATION DAYS.

O throned, O crowned with all renown,
 Since Thou the earth hast trod,
 Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
 Henceforth the gifts of God.
 By Thee the suns of space, that burn
 Unspent, their watches hold ;
 The hosts that turn and still return
 Are swayed and poised and rolled.

The powers of earth, for all her ills,
 An endless treasure yield ;
The precious things of the ancient hills,
 Forest, and fruitful field.
Thine is the health and thine the wealth
 That in our halls abound ;
And thine the beauty and the joy
 With which the years are crowned.

And as, when ebb'd the flood, our sires
 Kneeled on the mountain sod ;
While o'er the new world's altar fires
 Shone out the bow of God ;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell
 Word that shall aye avail ;
“Summer and winter shall not cease,
 Seed-time nor harvest fail ;”

Thus in their change let frost and heat
 And winds and dews be given :
All fostering power, all influence sweet
 Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
 The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
 May yield her fruits again.

'That we may feed Thy poor aright
And, gathering round Thy Throne,
Here in the holy angels' sight
Repay Thee of Thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

For there to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thine earthly houses be ;
In how great grace shall we Thy face
In Thine own palace see. Amen.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Ye whoe'er for Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high ;
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial Majesty.

Bright the vision there unveiling,
With unbounded lustre bright ;
High, sublime, and never failing,
Elder than primæval light.

He is King all realms to gather,
King Whom Israel's tribes obey ;
Promised to His people's father
Abraham and his seed for aye.

Seers, to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear ;
Him the Eternal Sire bequeathing
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu hail, Thyself revealing
Where Thy little ones adore ;
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
One true God for evermore. Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

I.

My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

O let Thy Table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more that energy afford
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old
Is now and shall be evermore. Amen.

II.

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord
And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured,
Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ the Only Son,
By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least :
Himself the Victor and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade
Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He that in this world rules His Saints and shields
To all believers Life Eternal yields.

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives Living Waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, be with us now.

All praise to God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit ever Three in One. Amen.

III.

Bread of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in Whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

IV.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign ;
 Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
 Thy power into the Wine.

Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heavenly art
 Fit channels to convey Thy love
 To every faithful heart.

V.

“Sing, my tongue, the Saviour’s glory,” *p.* 88.

VI.

“The Word of God, Who hid in flesh,” *p.* 86.

VII.

Ye royal priests of Jesus rise,
And join the Daily Sacrifice ;
Join all believers in His Name
To offer up the spotless Lamb.

Whate'er we cast on Him alone
Is with His great Oblation one ;
His Sacrifice doth ours sustain,
And favour and acceptance gain.

On Him who all our burdens bears,
We cast our praises and our prayers ;
Ourselves we offer up to God,
Implunged in His atoning Blood.

Mean are our noblest offerings,
Poor, feeble, unsubstantial things ;
But when to Him our souls we lift
The Altar sanctifies the gift.

Mix'd with sacred smoke we rise,
The smoke of His Burnt-Sacrifice,
By the Eternal Spirit driven
From earth, in Christ, we mount to heaven.

Amen.

VIII.

POST-COMMUNION.

Who Thy mysterious Supper share,
Here at Thy Table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided Bread.

One with the Living Bread Divine
Which now by faith we eat;
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.

So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love :
Then only can it closer be
When all are joined above. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

Behold us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless boyhood's quiet years,
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true man and perfect God.

To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear Name ;
For who on Jesus e'er relied,
And found not Jesus still the same ?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
O stablish well what Thou hast wrought !

From Thee was our baptismal grace ;
The holy seed by Thee was sown ;
In the full sunshine of Thy face
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask in Thine appointed way
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak
'Mid foes that well might cast us down ;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight and won the crown.
We ask the help that bore them through ;
We trust the Faithful and the True.

So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence, kind and sweet,
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
Give us Thy Spirit, here and now. Amen.

AFTER CONFIRMATION.

Spirit of might and sweetness too !
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod ;
Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.
And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew
When beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands towards Thee we drew.
When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand—
A sheltering rock in memory's waste
O'ershadowing all the weary land. Amen.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

I.

At length, released from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep;
How calm and peaceful thy repose
While Christ thy soul doth keep.

In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.

'Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine;
Thy toils and wars are finished,
A happy lot is thine. Amen.

II.

“Dies Iræ,” *p.* 31.

III.

To Thee O Lord I yield my spirit,
Who breakst in love this mortal chain ;
My life from Thee I but inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain ;
In Thee I live : in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

MISSIONS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen Thou art there,
Giver of all !

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all.

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all ;

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all. Amen.

DEDICATION, JULY XVI. (1863).

MORNING.

* PSALMS, lxxxiv. *Quam dilecta.*

cxxii. *Lætatus sum.*

cxxxii. *Memento Domine.*

1st LESSON, Gen. xxviii. 10—17.

2nd LESSON, Heb. x. 19—25.

COLLECT.

O God, who honouredst the Feast of Dedication by the presence of thy beloved Son, who himself hath also promised to have his habitation with the sons of men and to dwell in the assembly of the saints; bless thou the hallowing of this place unto thy worship in the Name of THE HOLY SPIRIT; sanctify them that love the beauty of thy house and shew kindness unto the offices thereof; receive the prayers of all thy children who now or ever enter here to call upon thy Name; and grant that we with them may be very temples undefiled of the Holy Ghost; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit, One God world without end.

Blessed City, Heavenly Salem,
 Peaceful vision dim-described;
 Built of living stones elected,
 Built for ever to abide;
 Angel-circled, as the Virgins
 For the Bridegroom deck the Bride.

* From Consecration Service.

Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage
Forth she comes her Lord to greet ;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks,
Shines the golden-paved street.

Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage-garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter Cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
Keen the graving of His hand,
Ere each finished stone was planted
As the Master-BUILDER planned.
Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
In the House of God to stand.

To the everlasting Father
And the Son who reigns on high
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise and might and majesty. Amen.

EVENING.

PSALMS, xxiv. *Domini est terra.*

cxv. *Non nobis Domine.*

1st LESSON, 2 Chron. v. 11—14.

COLLECT, "God, who honouredst," &c., p. 217.

Deeply laid a sure Foundation,
Christ the Anointed Corner-stone,
Reaching on to every nation,
Binding both the walls in one,
Sion's joy and strong salvation,
Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
Where Thy Presence we implore ;
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore ;
Sprinkle here Thy Benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Mete Thou here the promised measure,
Running o'er and closely prest,
Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
By the saints in light possess;
There our heart is, there our treasure,
Paradise and Home and Rest.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise and might and majesty. Amen.

FIRST DAY OF TERM, AND MORNING
OF THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Lord, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here ;

Onward be our footsteps pressing
In Thy love, and faith, and fear :

Still protect us

By Thy Presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way :

Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day :

Mind and spirit

With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home-affection
Still alive in every heart ;

May its power with mild correction
Draw our love from self apart ;

Till Thy children

Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,

Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth, and sensual snare :

Thou, our Saviour,

Still our failing strength repair. Amen.

EVENING OF THE LAST SUNDAY,
AND LAST DAY OF TERM.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve.

May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be:

May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish

By Thy mightier power restrained:
Seek we ever

Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store.

Those returning
Make more faithful than before. Amen.

APPENDIX.



1.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

2.

Dies iræ, dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favilla,
 Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ ;
Ne me perdas illa die !

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

3.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

5.

O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

6.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before,
Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

7.

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite !

Jesus, hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save !

Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Jesus, hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry !
Jesus, hear and save !

8.

O help us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe :
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high !
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be !

9.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain ;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

10.

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy mercy pour
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die ;

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

11.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou.

12.

Jerusalem the golden ;
 With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
For Thee, O dear, dear Country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
O one, O only mansion !
 O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :
And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

13.

Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise ;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou did'st first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

14.

He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest Place ;
All the toil the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
“ Good that I should go away : ”
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be,
For His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all the powers.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again ;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

15.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis Tuæ radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium:

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine Tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus
In Te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

16.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

17.

O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou with faith by all implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be !

18.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia ! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

19.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !

Whence all their white array ?

How came they to the blissful seats

Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great

Who came to realms of light,

And in the blood of Christ have washed

Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand

Before the throne on high,

And serve the God they love, amidst

The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,

Tunes every mouth to sing ;

By day, by night, the sacred courts

With loud Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,

Nor suns with scorching ray ;

God is their sun, whose cheering beams

Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,

Shall o'er them still preside,

Feed them with nourishment divine,

And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

20.

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death :
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide,
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts ! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

21.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem
In hymnis et canticis ;
Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur,
Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ
Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
Datum non ambigitur.

Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere ;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre

In terra viventium :
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

22.

Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live :
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

23.

O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord ;
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

24.

Jam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrænans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet ;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia ;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potûs cibique parcitas :

Ut cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinenciam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

25.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiance divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

26.

O God, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the midday sky :

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

27.

God, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die, *
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

28.

Art thou weary, art Thou languid,

Art Thou sore distress ?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming
Be at rest !”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide ?

“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,

That His brow adorns ?

“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here ?

“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last ?

“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.”

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay ?

“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.”

29.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course
Whom winds and sea obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

30.

To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine :
That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

31.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell
And there Thy praise display !

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead !

For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

32.

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

33.

'Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and paths surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand :
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

34.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

35.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

36.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours..

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

37.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

38.

Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine !
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine !

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

39.

Hosanna to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
“ Hosanna, Lord,” Thine angels cry ;
“ Hosanna, Lord,” Thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !

40.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King ;

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

41.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not 'Thine own,
Thou has deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

42.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hast blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

43.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
 To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
 In that despisèd Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
 Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
 “Forgive, they know not what they do ;”
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb
 Where late Thy sacred Body lay ;

Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way :
But we believe that angels said,
“ Why seek the living 'midst the dead ? ”

We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld Thee mount beyond the skies.

44.

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,

One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :

O happy ones and holy !

Lord give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

45.

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

46.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
The strife is o'er, the battle done :
The triumph of the Lord is won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.

Alleluia.

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.

Alleluia.

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.

Alleluia.

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumph tell.

Alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee.

Alleluia. Amen.

47.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

48.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast : "

I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “ Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live : ”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “ I am this dark world’s Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright : ”
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I’ll walk
 Till travelling days are done. Amen.

49.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end. Amen.

50.

The strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia !

To the glory of their King
Let the ransomed people sing Alleluia !

And the choirs that dwell on high
Swell the chorus in the sky, Alleluia !

Ye, through the fields of Paradise that roam,
Ye blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia !

Ye planets glittering on your heavenly way,
Ye shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia!

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia!

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of
all things loves, Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
Himself approves, Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia !

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia !

Now from all men be out-poured

Alleluia to the Lord ;

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

51.

Jesu, gentlest Saviour,

Thou art in us now,

Fill us with Thy Goodness,

Till our hearts o'erflow.

Multiply our graces,

Chiefly love and fear,

And, dear Lord, the chiefest,

Grace to persevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a Gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss !

Ah ! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home ?
We must wait for heaven ;
Then the day will come. Amen.

52.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

53.

Thou, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day,
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.

Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
 Let there be light. Amen.

54.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,

Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst the storm did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our bretheren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

55.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me:"

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

56.

Captains of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel,

On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light,
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

Not by warrior's spear and sword
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free,
In the law of liberty.

Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

Glory to the Three in One,
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light. Amen.

57.

At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near ;
What if Thy Form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

58.

Our day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True light that lightenest all.

Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to 'Thy dear Will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in 'Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

59.

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

60.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His Feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

61.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day:
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high !
Hail, Thou King of victory !
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored !
Help and save us, gracious Lord. Amen.

62.

Christ the Lord is risen again ;
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark ! Angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,

Alleluia !

He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say

Alleluia !

He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry ;

Alleluia !

He, Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.

Alleluia !

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.

Alleluia !

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day

Alleluia ! Amen.

63.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen ;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy Face ;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glory be to God on high ;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory ;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
To the TRIUNE Majesty. Amen.

64.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

65.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving, Saviour.
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

66.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all :
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
O quickly come : for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all ;
Reign all around us, and within ;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
O quickly come : for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all ;
For death is mighty all around ;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found :
O quickly come : for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
O quickly come : for round Thy Throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

67.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings in His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

68.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !

O, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign :

Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

69.

“Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest ;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.”
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night :
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

“Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife ;

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

“ And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee. Amen

70.

Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee,
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?
“ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
“ Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? ”

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

71.

O Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me :
 The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear ;

My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to reassure me,
 To hasten, or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
 Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
 To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory.
 There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
 My Master and My Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
 And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone ;

O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

72.

Thine for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ; Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

73.

Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love divine we seek ;
Brought to Thine Arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongue could speak ;
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, may we ever here remain,
Oft as we see Thy Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying Pain,
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread ;
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, may we come ! not thus alone
At holy times, or solemn rite,
But every hour, till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we,
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, may we come, come yet again !
Thy children ask one blessing more ;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er ;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee. Amen.

74.

Father, before Thy throne of light
The guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend ;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings ;
So may we feel, as low we kneel,
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they ;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be Thine and Thine alone. Amen.

COLLECT OF THE FOUNDATION.

*To be said after the Third Collect of Morning
and Evening Prayer.*

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and for all our Governors and Benefactors, by whose benefit this whole College is brought up to godliness and good learning: And we beseech Thee to give us grace to use these Thy blessings to the glory of Thy Holy Name, that we may answer the good intent of our religious Founders, and become profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth, and at last be partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

COMMEMORATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BIRTHDAY, *First of May, A.D. 1769.*

DEATH, *Fourteenth of September, A.D. 1852.*

PUBLIC FUNERAL, *Eighteenth of November, A.D.
1852.*

First shall be said, all kneeling,

The Lord's Prayer, "Our Father," &c.

O Lord, open Thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall shew forth Thy
praise.

Priest. O God, make speed to save us.

Answer. O Lord, make haste to help us.

Here all standing up, the Priest shall say,

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to
the Holy Ghost;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Priest. Praise ye the Lord.

Answer. The Lord's Name be praised.

And after, these three Psalms,

Psalm cxlv. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

Psalm cxlvi. *Lauda, anima mea.*

Psalm cxlvii. *Laudate Dominum.*

Then shall be read the Lesson,

MAY 1.———Judges v.

SEP. 14, Nov. 18.—Ecclus. xliv. to v. 16.

*Then shall follow the SERMON, ;
and afterwards this Anthem on the First of May.*

O give thanks unto the Lord. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and the just as the brightness of the firmament. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for everlasting, and let all the people say Amen.

Or this, on the Fourteenth of September and Eighteenth of November.

Blessed for ever are they that die trusting in God. Yea, blessed for ever are they that die in the Lord. From henceforth they rest from their labours. For them that sleep in Jesus God will bring with him. Blessed, yea blessed are they that sleep in Jesus. They rest from their labours for evermore.

And then that which followeth, all standing,

Minister. The memory of the righteous shall remain for evermore.

Answer. And shall not be afraid of any evil report.

Minister. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.

Answer. Neither shall any grief hurt them.

Minister. The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Minister. Let us pray.

O Lord God, the Resurrection and the Life of them that believe ; who art always to be praised as well in the living as the departed ; we give Thee thanks for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for our FOUNDERS, and all other our BENEFACTORS, by whose benefits we are here brought up to godliness and good learning ; and we beseech Thee that we, well using to Thy glory these their gifts, may, with all the dead in Christ, be brought unto the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through Christ our Lord.
Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

BEFORE THE COMMUNION.

ADVENT.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.—*Is. xlv. 8.*

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth His handy work.—*Ps. xix. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

CHRISTMAS, UNTIL EPIPHANY.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—*Is. ix. 6.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvellous things.—*Ps. xcvi. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

EPIPHANY, AND EIGHT DAYS AFTER.

Behold the Lord, the Ruler is come; and dominion, power, and empire are in His hand.

Give the king Thy judgments, O God: and Thy righteousness unto the king's son.—*Ps. lxxii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER EPIPHANY.

Worship Him, all ye Gods. Sion heard of it and rejoiced: and the daughters of Judah were glad.—

Ps. xcvi. 7.

The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof: yea the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.

Ps. xcvi. 1.

Glory be to the Father.

FROM SEPTUAGESIMA TO FIRST SUNDAY
IN LENT.

The sorrows of death compassed me: and the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid.

The pains of hell came about me: the snares of death overtook me.

In my trouble I will call upon the Lord: and complain unto my God.

So shall He hear my voice out of His holy temple: and my complaint shall come before Him, it shall enter even into His ears.—*Ps. xlviii. 3—6.*

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; the Lord is my stony rock, and my defence: my Saviour, my God, and my might, in Whom I will trust, my buckler, the horn also of my salvation, and my refuge.—*Ps. xlviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT TO PASSION
SUNDAY.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and gather together all ye that love the Lord: rejoice for joy with her all ye that mourn for her, that ye may be satisfied with her consolations.—*Is. lvi.*

I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord.—*Ps. cxxii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

FROM PASSION SUNDAY TO EASTER.

Our Lord Jesus Christ humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.—*Phil. ii. 8, 9.*

My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth from one generation to another.—*Ps. lxxxix. 1.*

EASTER DAY.

I wake up and am present with Thee. Alleluia.

Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me. Alleluia.

Thy knowledge is become wonderful. Alleluia.

Alleluia.—*Ps. cxxxix. 18, 4, 5.*

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising.—*Ps. cxxxix. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

The Lord hath brought thee into the land flowing with milk and honey. Alleluia. That the Lord's law may be in thy mouth. Alleluia, Alleluia.—*Ex. xiii. 5, 8.*

O give thanks unto the Lord, and call upon His Name: tell the people what things He hath done.—*Ps. cv. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: Alleluia: therefore let us keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Alleluia. Alleluia.—*1 Cor. v. 7, 8.*

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice, and be glad in it.—*Ps. cxviii. 24.*

Glory be to the Father.

ASCENSION DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise; and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. Alleluia.—

Ps. xlvii. 5.

Glory be to the Father.

OR THIS, AND FOR EIGHT DAYS AFTER.

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven. Alleluia.—

Acts i. 11.

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.—*Ps. xlvii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

WHIT-SUNDAY AND UNTIL TRINITY SUNDAY.

The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world, Alleluia: and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice. Alleluia.—*Wisd. i. 7.*

Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him.—*Ps. lxxviii. 1.*

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and the undivided Unity: we will give glory to Him, because He hath shown His mercy upon us.

O Lord, our Governor: how excellent is Thy Name in all the world.—*Ps. viii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Except in July and October.

I will go unto the altar of God, even the God of my joy and gladness.—*Ps. xliii. 4.*

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

For Thou art the God of my strength, why hast Thou put me from Thee: and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto Thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

O put thy trust in God : for I will yet give Him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my God.—*Ps. xliii.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS IN JULY.

God in His holy habitation, He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house : He will give strength and power unto His people.—*Ps. lxxviii.*

Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered ; let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS IN OCTOBER.

I am the salvation of my people, saith the Lord ; out of whatsoever tribulation they shall call Me, I will hearken unto them : and I will be their God for ever.

Hear my law, O my people : incline your ears unto the words of my mouth.—*Ps. lxxviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

I know the thoughts I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end: ye shall call upon Me, and I will hearken unto you: and I will be found of you, and I will turn away your captivity from all places.—*Jer. xxix.*

Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.—*Ps. lxxxv.*

Glory be to the Father.

APOSTLES.

Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth: they shall remember Thy Name, O Lord.

Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.—*Ps. xlv.*

Glory be to the Father.

PURIFICATION.

We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.

O God, according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end: Thy right Hand is full of righteousness.—*Ps. xlviii.* 8, 9.

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill.—*Ps. xlviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

ANNUNCIATION.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.—*Is. xlv. 8.*

Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.—*Ps. lxxxv. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

The Lord hath called me from the womb: from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name. And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword, in the shadow of His Hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft.—*Is. xlix. 1.*

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising.—*Ps. cxxxix. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

O praise the Lord, all ye His Angels, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His Commandment, and hearken to the voice of His Word.—*Ps. ciii. 20.*

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name.—*Ps. ciii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

ALL SAINTS.

Let us rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival-day in honour of all the Saints, at whose solemnity the Angels rejoice, and give praise to the Son of God.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for it becometh well the just to be thankful.—*Ps. xxxiii.*

Glory be to the Father.

DEDICATION.

How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.—*Gen. xxviii.*

O how amiable are Thy dwellings: Thou Lord of hosts.

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.—*Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2.*

Glory be to the Father.

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10/10/1911
Jan 17
Sule Rt W. C. P. M. S. S.

